THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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John Howard, the Philanthropist.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

In what quarter are we to look for the great philanthropist of the eighteenth century? Go back a hundred years and suppose the question to be asked, who of the young men of that time was to win a statue in St. Paul's cathedral as a tribute to his philanthropic services. None would have sought for him in a grocer's shop, or looked for him in that pale-faced boy behind Mr. Newnham's counter in London. Yet such was John Howard in his youth. The son of a wealthy upholsterer, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer at the usual age. Although the business was not to his taste, and on his father's death he purchased what remained of his time, he undoubtedly derived much advantage from the rigid discipline of his apprenticeship, especially much of the accuracy in details which enabled him to give such clear statements of the condition of the suffering and point out the efficient remedy. It was years before his hour came and he found his true mission.—We can but glance at two or three points in his life previous to his celebrated career.

In the year 1752 or 1753 visit the village of Newington near London, and you find that the pale apprentice has become a man of fortune, and though still in feeble health, he devotes himself to scientific pursuits and charitable deeds. He is now twenty-five years of age and married. The neighbors think him a little peculiar, not only from his unfailing benevolence to the poor, but from the pertinacity with which he insisted upon making the excellent person who had attended him in sickness, his wife, notwithstanding great disparity of years.—He takes decided ground as a religious man, and without being at all dogmatic is an interested member of the Dissenting Church in the place. He himself started and headed a subscription for purchasing a house for the minister of the congregation, a measure which of course we commend to general adoption. Such was Howard at Newington, a kind hearted man of wealth and leisure, of whom few persons out of the little village much knew or cared.

Glance at him once more a few years after. Look into a filthy dungeon in Brest, the naval port of France. There upon the damp floor of the prison, with only a little straw to protect them, lie a considerable company of Englishmen, sailors and passengers of a merchant vessel bound to Lisbon, and captured by a French privateer.—For forty hours they are left without food, and then but a miserable piece of mutton is thrown to them without plate or knife to hold or divide it. Among them there is a somewhat feeble looking man of twenty-nine years. It is Howard. He is tasting the lot of the captive in all its bitterness and unconsciously preparing himself for his holy mission. Left a widower, with health impaired and mind somewhat given to melancholy, he looked to travel for relief, and was led by his interest in the suffering to visit the scene of the recent fearful earthquake at Lisbon. His imprisonment was not of long duration, though long enough to give him much knowledge and impulse.

The immediate occasion of directing his attention to the cause so identified with his name, was his appointment to the post of high sheriff for the county of Bedford.—This office although honorable and responsible was one usually undertaken by some affluent and prominent man who took to himself all the dignity of the station, and left its labors to some subordinate. Howard was not the man to content himself with grand pageants and banquets to which the high sheriff was usually called. Scrupulously faithful to his duties, he took an early opportunity to inspect the gaol of his country. He saw at once that a state of things existed there that called out his warmest indignation and protest. He was struck first of all by the outrageous custom of retaining men in prison after their acquittal, for the payment of fees charged them for the time spent in confinement previous to their trial. Anxious to abate this abuse, he investigated the condition of other gaols in the hope of finding more humane precedents, and thus his career as the prisoner's friend began. This was in the year 1773.

The revelations of oppression and misery that constantly presented themselves to him in his tour through England astonished himself as they did the whole English public. The disease, vice and injustice that were connected with the prevalent system, he carefully investigated and boldly exposed. The attention of the English Parliament was at once drawn to the subject, Howard was examined before the house of Commons, and a bill was passed abolishing the obnoxious gaol fees and providing for the better health of the prisoners.

What to some men would have been hailed as a triumph sufficient to crown a life with honor, was to him but the beginning of his work. He aimed as it were to take the whole census of human misery, and after two tours of observation through England and Wales, and two visits of examination to the continent, he published his first grand treatise on prisons in the year 1777. We may regard the publication of this work as closing the first period of his philanthropic career. I cannot review or even classify the forms of misery that he met with in the prisons of Europe. In Holland he found some ray of light, but almost every where else the darkness was unbroken, and punishment seemed to have no reference to the reformation of the offender. One incident is worthy of mention in his first visit to France for its high historic interest. At Paris he tried to obtain admittance into the Bastile, and actually passed within the outer gate. But an officer came out of the guard-house with such a look of astonishment and threatening that the philanthropist made his way back as quickly as possible. What thoughts are suggested by this fact—Howard and the Bastile!—the spirit of humanity endeavoring to enter the dungeon of feudal despotism! Humanity is repulsed, and despotism triumphs within its moats and battlements; the captives in the iron cages were not then to hear the voice of a friend.—How different the meeting some ten years afterwards at those gates. Not gentle humanity but terrific revenge stands face to face with feudal despotism, and the Parisian mob raised the stronghold of tyranny to the ground. May humanity not plead thus in vain with the remnants of feudal oppression that still curse the earth. May the gentle dews of mercy avert another baptism of blood.

We find in his journal passages like these, bearing the date of Sunday evening, March 15, 1789:

"An approving conscience adds pleasure to every act of piety, benevolence and self-denial. It inspires serenity and brightens every gloomy hour, disarming adversity, disease and death. It is my ambition to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and have the same mind that was also in him.

"Health, time, powers of mind and worldly possessions are from God. Do I consecrate them all to him—so help me, O, my God.

"Our superfluities should be given up to the convenience of others—our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others—and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor."

Such were this man's Sunday evening thoughts at his home in Cardington the last year of his life. These thoughts were forthwith translated into actions. Once more, and with a presentiment of approaching death, he went forth to study the nature of the plague in its most fearful haunts in Russia, Turkey, and the East. It is sad to say farewell even for a few months to anything that we love. There was great beauty and pathos in Howard's farewell to England, his home and friends—a farewell forever. He made his will and all necessary arrangements as to his property; he even gave directions for his tombstone, and forbade any epitaph except the simple inscription of his name, age, death, and the words, "My hope is in Christ." He visited the poor in his neighborhood, passed the evening before his departure in the grove planted by himself and the deceased friend most dear to him, and on the morrow he was on his way in search of the pestilence that walketh in darkness,

Visiting all the chief prisons and hospitals on the way, he went through Germany to St. Petersburg, and thence to the borders of the Black Sea to Cherson, where war and disease had accumulated their horrors. Whilst the Russian army were revelling in festivity for their victory over the Turks, the philanthropist was pursuing his holy vocation at the bedsides of the sick and dying. His hour came, as it must come to all.—Called to visit a young woman sick of malignant fever, and thus obliged to ride a long distance in the cold and wet on horseback, he was no longer proof against infection, thus induced by fatigue and storm.—Calmly, even cheerfully, he watched death, as it came stealing over him. He gave directions for his funeral to the friend who attended him, and forbade that any monument or inscription should mark the spot of his burial; 'but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.'

Forgotten he could not be. War and winter did not prevent Russia from honoring his obsequies with the pageantry that he had deprecated. And when England heard the news of his death, it was commemorated as a public calamity, and ere long the statue of Howard stood in St. Paul's cathedral.—*Religious Magazine.*

The Slavery Question.

The following article from the Concordia (La.) Intelligencer, is on a subject not out of date, although the article itself is some months old:

There seems to be an unusual degree of excitement throughout the South, and especially in the city of Washington, on the subject of a supposed interference with Southern rights and Southern institutions, on the part of the people of the free States. As usual in all undue excitements, there is too little disposition to reflect calmly, or 'reason together.' The judgment and the understanding are warped and biased, and feeling, passion and prejudice, are allowed to have uncontrolled sway. Dangers appear threatening and immediate, which to the more calm and considerate seem distant, and of no serious moment. It would be wise and proper to be well assured of the danger to our real, valuable, and well-established rights, before we embark with fiery and intemperate zeal in opposing the rights claimed by others.

It is undeniably true, that a very large majority of the people of the free States think slavery a *'political evil,'* and, believing so, is it surprising that they should desire to go all the lengths warranted by the Constitution in preventing the extension of it?

There is also a class (limited in numbers and respectability) who look upon it as a *'moral evil,'* and who are willing to go beyond the Constitution to suppress it. With this class we have nothing to do. To contend with such, or be willing to discuss the subject with them, would be both unwise and undignified.

But with the other class, embracing probably a large majority of all the voters of the United States, it becomes us to reason calmly and considerately. Violence and intemperate zeal rarely succeed in any cause.

The Constitution certainly gives to the Congress of the United States the power 'to dispose of and *make* all *useful regulations* for the government of the Territories.' And who is to decide what regulations shall be deemed *'useful'* Surely the Congress of the United States—this body alone—is authorised to decide what regulations are 'needful.' One portion of the Union may deem certain 'regulations' useful and needful, while another portion may condemn them as unnecessary and useless; and until the form of our Government may be changed, *majority* in Congress must be deemed the competent and the *only* competent tribunal to decide the question.

Due allowances should be made for the opinions (or *prejudices*, if you will,) of our Northern brethren, as to the tendency of slavery to retard the advancement of political power or personal prosperity; and so long as they confine themselves to this view of it, it would be inexpedient and unwise to provoke them, by ill-judged violence and opposition, to claim powers which the Constitution clearly and expressly withholds. With slavery in the States where it now exists, they as yet have set up no claim or pretension to interfere; and should we of the South waste our strength in contending for a doubtful right, (which, when attained, would not benefit us,) when by doing so we provoke aggression on our real and valuable rights, and thereby put them in temporary jeopardy? The prohibition of slavery in the Territories now free would operate no real or direct injury to us, because without the prohibition, we could not take our slaves there.

If the people of the free States believe their political advancement, their increase in population, wealth, comfort, and prosperity, are mainly attributable to their freedom from slavery, surely it is not surprising that they should desire to prohibit the extension of it. And so long as they confine themselves, in these prohibitory efforts, within the limits of the Constitution, and so long as they do not infringe on our established rights—rights conceded and established by the Constitution—why should we be excited to intemperate remarks in our opposition to them? If our real rights were assailed, if valuable concessions were about to be wrested from us, a crisis would THEN arrive when every true Southerner would be found striving who should be in the front ranks of opposition to such invasions, and in defense of our interests and our property. Until this crisis arrives, why spend our strength in useless opposition?—There can be no invasion, no infringement of our just rights, without the destruction of the Constitution, or the remodeling of it; and when that period arrives, it will be time to talk of a *'separate Southern Republic.'*

In regard to the prohibition of the 'slave trade' in the District of Columbia, Congress certainly has the same power over it that the Legislature of Mississippi has over the subject within her limits. The corporation of Natchez prohibited, by an ordinance, the slave dealers from making Natchez 'a depot for the sale of slaves.' It was considered a nuisance that ought to be abated, and was abated. Has not Congress the same power over the District of Columbia? And when the people of the District petition for an act to *emancipate* their slaves, Congress has the same power to pass it that the Legislature of Mississippi would have (nay, has) to pass a similar act, upon the petition of a majority of the people. Why, then, should we be excited to angry feelings, when the attempt is now made to break up the mart for slaves in the city of Washington? What was denounced by the good people of Natchez, (composed as our population is, principally of slaveholders,) surely cannot be looked upon in a less favorable light by the majority in Congress, coming as it does from the non-slaveholding States.

'Let us reason together' on this subject, and let us do it calmly and dispassionately. Let us make due allowance for their prejudices, and not be too far carried away by our own. Let us at least show some respect for the feelings of those who do not condemn the institution as immoral, but who honestly entertain the belief that it is a *political evil*. We ought to bear in mind that a similar belief prevailed after the adoption of the Constitution, when the provisions, the design, and the spirit of that instrument, were at least as well known and understood as they now are. The prohibition was then enacted, (and carried, too, by the votes of the slave States,) without exciting the alarm that now prevails. A reference to the Journals of Congress of that period will show that the Ordinance in relation to the Northwestern Territory would not have been passed, but for the vote of the slave States; and that many of those who voted for it had been members of the Convention that framed the Constitution. We should not now be so excited by the efforts of the present day to enact similar measures. It is notorious that all that has ever been gained by the South was from a spirit of compromise; and by the same spirit we may yet secure all that is desirable for us to possess or contend for. We are too fond of proclaiming *'crises'*—and it may be, when the real crisis arrives, we may be found with impaired if not exhausted strength. The lawyer who labors to make the *weak* points of his case *strong*, and neglects to enforce the strong ones, is not apt to succeed before a jury. And are we not likely to jeopard our real and substantial rights, by opposing rights claimed by others, the concession of which would not injure us? It has been said, that even by conceding what is of doubtful expediency, we lay the foundation for trespasses on rights of vital importance. This is not necessarily the result. The language of Gen. Jackson was, 'Claim nothing that is not clearly right, and submit to nothing absolutely wrong.'

From the National Era.

The Popular Side.

Let any person for a moment enter the political arena, (and it is the duty of every citizen to do so when the free institutions of the country or the liberties of his fellow-men are in danger,) and witness the tactics of the members of the two great political parties, and he will be surprised to see how extensively, among those who are mere *politicians*, the desire prevails to be upon the side which will enrol the greatest numbers. Hence, when a question is presented for their consideration, instead of inquiring whether or not it is just and right, conducive of the public good, demanded by the great interests of the country, or, what is higher still, tending to improve the condition of their fellow-men, they will look only at the effect it will have upon their interests as partisans, to its bearing upon their promotion to office, or to the amount of plunder, the loaves and fishes, the spoils, which may be gathered for themselves and their political friends. The politicians who change with the changes of their leaders are, therefore, of all men, the most destitute of principle; there is no denying of it; they should never be guilty of laying claim to it with their lips. They do not sufficiently often reflect that office of itself, when the heart is wanting, will confer no honor.

Politicians of this description would go for Cass, in support of measures violating the plainest provisions of the Constitution. Opposing an unjust war—a war against a weaker sister Republic—they change their principles, unite in bacchanalian revelries, and give their influence, and cast their votes in favor of the bloodiest actor in that tragedy of wickedness and crime.

Slavery a wrong, acknowledged to be so, almost without dissent, and yet seeking its extension! Never, since the commencement of our national existence, were ever mere politicians guilty of a greater inconsistency—a greater wickedness. A fast surely was never more appropriate for arresting the judgments of Heaven. A fast followed by works, where principle and right are not invoked, will be a national mockery, of which those who are the actors must bear a fearful responsibility. Can it be that the politician ever utters the inquiry, "Is or is there not a God?" Alas! many are enabled in reality to answer it, by the solemn, stern, unrelenting visitation of death.

The popular side is the side of numbers. Look at the population of the world—at the numbers enrolled under the banner of virtue, of right, of humanity, of civilization, and then at the host guilty of crime, of wrong, of oppression, of perpetuating barbarism—at Christendom, with its constant progress, its approximation to a better state, a happier existence—and then at heathendom, with its idols of wood and stone, its strifes, its men in bondage, its vindictive wars—which is the popular side?—Alas! painful to answer—the side of wrong. Politician, it is your side—the side of wrong; wrong with its miseries, and its bitter woes, and bitter punishments. Fit and appropriate would it be, if you bowed down to your idols of wood and stone.—Many of you do. To your party idols a worship is rendered more inexcusable than that of the heathen, in his ignorance, breathing his payer to an unbreathing statue, invoking the protection of his god.

Honor, then, to the glorious few, daring who, all for the right, will ever the *Right* maintain. It is ever a few who make the first advance beyond the olden, established, boundaries of error. Their numbers soon increase, and they become a mighty, an organized host. Their garments glitter with gems more brilliant than gems of silver or gold—the radiant gems of truth.—Glory, then, and honor to those who falter not, who enrol their names ever to remain on Virtue's side, who gloriously strive to make of earth a heaven below, preparatory to an existence in a heaven above.

In the right, there is a moral power which bars, nor chains, nor dungeons, nor party barriers, can withstand. In adversity, strength is gathered for the decisive issue, for withstanding the temptations, the blandishments of the honor of triumph. Truth is omnipotent. It is decreed by the Almighty that it shall prevail.

The political revolutions, the constant and accelerating progress of truth, of themselves alone, declare that in our own land the time is not far distant, when the banner of Freedom will wave over our national capitol. But greater far will be the moral triumph when wars shall cease among the nations of the earth—when Peace shall prevail—the Arbiter divine. The *source* of slavery will then be removed.

Never, since the world began, has truth spread with greater rapidity than at the present time. It travels our deserts and continents, it visits the islands of the sea, it is wafted abroad upon every breeze, the electric communication aids it on. Certain will be the triumph of Freedom—as certain, and greater, will be the triumph of Peace.

X. Y. Z.

New Hampshire, July 18, 1849.

A Vampire.

The correspondent of the London Standard of Freedom gives an account of one of the most singular trials before the Military Tribunal which has ever occupied public attention. One Serjeant Bertrand was accused of violating the tombs of the dead. An immense auditory, embracing some of the first people in France, many of the most distinguished medical men of Europe, and several females, were collected. A more interesting, mild and gentle being, has seldom appeared at a criminal bar. He, without the slightest hesitation, acknowledged that, borne on by an irresistible fury, he had rushed to the cemeteries, dragged from their coffins the lately-buried bodies, beat them with tremendous violence, and tore out from the carcases the internal portions; and, from what was stated by the physician, to whom he had still more candidly confessed his enormities, it is not unlikely that he feasted on these mutilated remains, and committed horrors at which humanity shudders. Some scientific remarks were elicited from the medical men, which led to the conviction that the man was insane; indeed, there could be but little doubt. The military law could only inflict a punishment on him, when found guilty, of a year's imprisonment.

The Standard of Freedom thus notices this horrible creature more at length:

The trial which took place in Paris, and to which allusion has been made by our French correspondent, of the serjeant who tore bodies from their graves for the purpose of mutilating them, has produced a great sensation throughout the medical and legal world. The tribunal before which he was tried, being entirely composed of military men, was incapable of eliciting those truths which are useful to society, and upon the investigation of which, so much depends. That the unfortunate man was insane there can be little doubt, but how far he was responsible for the horrible acts he committed we are unable to judge. There are upon record in our courts of law several instances of appalling offences, which have been looked upon as the acts of lunatics; but those who have had these fearful impulses, have been silent, moody, gloomy creatures, upon whose brow the mark of Cain has been visible.

In this instance the perpetrator of crimes before us, is apparently of a kind and gentle nature; educated originally for the church, he was superior to most of the persons by whom he was surrounded, and was placed by his officers in a situation demanding high qualifications. Without any feeling beyond an irresistible propensity, he sallied in the dead of the night from his quarters, which were sometimes so guarded that it required the utmost cunning to get out of them. He scaled the highest walls, even when he knew that there were placed instruments of a deadly kind to prevent him, and, having reached a grave, he dragged out its loathsome tenant, beat it, mutilated it, and tore out its intestines. Though not aware, according to his own confession, of the fact, he must have become a cannibal, for the marks of his teeth were plainly discernible on bodies, portions of which were missing. There were other acts committed on female frames to which allusion can scarcely be made. It is evident that he marked out, wherever he had an opportunity, the corpses of young females in preference to all others. On no occasion does he seem to have taken away with him any portion of the clothes, or the little memorials which it is not uncommon in France to bury with the dead. He was at length punished most fearfully for his atrocities. A machine, constructed so as to discharge numerous missiles, was placed in one of the cemeteries which he had been accustomed to visit. He received from it a vast number of wounds, and was compelled to take refuge in an hospital, having contrived to get off from the spot. There the singular nature of his injuries, and the imperfect story he related to account for them, led to suspicions, which were at length confirmed by his own confession to the physician who had charge of him. He asserted on his trial that he was perfectly cured of his propensity, but seemed to have no proportionate idea of its enormity. He stated that whilst in the hospital he had for the first time seen death in its own shape, and that it had produced in him emotions which would in future prevent the perpetration of similar acts. There seemed to be neither imbecility nor that moral insanity which the law allows to be a sufficient reason for suspending its punishments, and confining the individual lest he should be guilty of further deeds of turpitude. He spoke as if he felt that he had been under no evil influence, and had no premonitory symptoms of mental delusion. He had no motive for his conduct, no inducement but an instinctive impulse which became irresistible. Not yet recovered from the wounds that were inflicted upon him, he entered the hall leaning on his crutches, looking around him with calmness and collectedness, he seemed to expect to become an object of sympathy, and never shrunk back from the intense gaze which was directed upon him. He listened to his sentence with the utmost calmness, and every one who was present heard with astonishment that all that the law could do to punish him for the past, or to protect society for the future, was to pronounce a year's imprisonment!

From the National Era.

The Great Ipswich Fright.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Life's tragedy and comedy are never far apart. The ludicrous and the sublime—the grotesque and the pathetic—jostle each other on the stage; the jester, with his cap and bells, struts alongside of the hero; the Lord Mayor's pageant loses itself in the mob around Punch and Judy; the pomp and circumstance of war becoming mirth-provoking in a militia muster, and the majesty of the law ridiculous in the mock dignity of a justice's court. The laughing philosopher of old looked on one side of life, and his weeping cotemporary on the other; but he who has an eye to both must often experience that contrariety of feeling which Sterne compares to "the contest in the moist eyelids of an April morning, whether to laugh or cry."

The circumstance we are about to relate may serve as an illustration of the way in which the woof of comedy interweaves with the warp of tragedy. It occurred in the early stages of the American Revolution, and is a part and parcel of its history in the northeastern section of Massachusetts.

About midway between Salem and the ancient town of Newburyport, the traveller on the Eastern Railroad sees on the right, between him and the sea, a tall church-spire, rising above a semi-circle of brown roofs and venerable elms, to which a long scolloping range of hills, sweeping off to the seaside, forms a green background.—This is Ipswich—the ancient Agawam—one of those steady, conservative villages of which a few are still left in New England, wherein a cotemporary of Cotton Mather and Gov. Endicott, were he permitted to revisit the scenes of his painful probation, would scarcely feel himself a stranger.—Law and Gospel embodied in an orthodox steeple, and a court-house, occupy the steep rocky eminence in its midst; below runs the small river and its picturesque stone bridge; and beyond is the famous Female Seminary, where Andover theological students are wont to take unto themselves wives of the daughters of the Puritans. An air of comfort and quiet broods over the whole town. Yellow moss clings to the seaward sides of the roofs; one's eyes are not endangered by the intense glare of the painted shingles and clapboards. The smoke of hospitable kitchens curls up through the overshadowing elms from huge-throated chimneys, whose hearth-stones have been worn by the feet of many generations. The tavern was once renowned throughout New England, and it is still a creditable hostelry. During court time it is crowded with jocose lawyers, anxious clients, sleepy jurors, and miscellaneous hangers-on—disinterested gentlemen, who have no particular business of their own in court, but who regularly attend its sessions, weighing evidence, deciding upon the merits of a lawyer's plea or a judge's charge—getting up extempore trials upon the piazza or in the bar-room of cases still involved in the glorious uncertainty of the law in the court-house, proffering gratuitous legal advice to irrascible plaintiffs and desponding defendants, and, in various other ways, seeing that the Commonwealth receives no detriment. In the autumn old sportsmen make the tavern their head-quarters while scouring the marshes for sea-birds; and slim young gentlemen from the city return thither with empty game-bags, as guiltless in respect to the snipes and wagtails as Winkle was in matter of the rooks, after his shooting excursion at Dingle Dell. Twice—nay, three times a year since third parties have been in fashion—the delegates of the political churches assemble in Ipswich to pass patriotic resolutions, and designate the candidates whom the good people of Essex county, with implicit faith in the wisdom of the selection, are expected to vote for. For the rest, there are pleasant walks and drives around the picturesque village; the people are noted for their hospitality; in summer, the sea-wind blows cool over its healthy hills; and, take it for all in all, there is not a better preserved or pleasanter specimen of a Puritan town remaining in the ancient Commonwealth.

The twenty-first of April, 1775, witnessed an awful commotion in the little village of Ipswich. Old men and boys, (the middle-aged had marched to Lexington some days before,) and all the women in the place who were not bed-ridden or sick, came rushing as with one accord to the green in front of the meeting-house. A rumor—no one attempted to trace it or authenticate it—spread from lip to lip, that the British Regulars had landed on the coast, and were marching upon the town. A scene of indescribable terror and confusion followed. Defence was out of the question, as the young and the able-bodied men of the entire region round about had marched to Cambridge and Lexington. The news of the battle at the latter place, exaggerated in all its details, had been just received; terrible stories of the atrocities committed by the dreaded "Regulars" had been related; and it was believed that nothing short of a general extermination of the patriots, men, women, and children—was contemplated by the British commander. Almost simultaneously, the people of Beverly, a village a few miles distant, were smitten with the same terror. How the rumor was communicated, no one could tell. It was there believed that the enemy had fallen upon Ipswich, and massacred the inhabitants without regard to age or sex.

It was about the middle of the afternoon of this day that the people of Newbury, ten miles farther north, assembled in an informal meeting at the town-house, to hear accounts from the Lexington fight, and to consider what action was necessary in consequence of that event. Parson Carey was about opening the meeting with prayer, when hurried hoof-beats sounded up the street, and a messenger, loose-haired and panting for breath, rushed up the staircase. "Turn out! Turn out, for God's sake!" he cried, "or you will all be killed. The Regulars are marching on us; they are at Ipswich now, cutting and slashing all before them!" Universal consternation was the immediate result of this fearful announcement; Parson Carey's prayer died on his lips; the congregation dispersed over the town, carrying to every house the tidings that the Regulars had come. Men on horseback went galloping up and down the streets, shouting the alarm. Women and children echoed it from every corner. The panic became irresistible, uncontrolable. Cries were heard that the dreaded invaders had reached Oldtown bridge, a little distance from the village, and that they were killing all whom they encountered. Flight was resolved upon. Every horse and vehicle in the town was put in requisition; men, women, and children, hurried, as for life, towards the north. Some threw their silver and pewter ware and other valuables into wells. Large numbers crossed the Merrimack, and spent the night in the deserted houses of Salisbury, whose inhabitants, stricken by the strange terror, had fled into New Hampshire, to take up their lodgings in dwellings also abandoned by their owners. A few individuals refused to fly with the multitude; some, unable to move, by reason of sickness, were left behind by their relatives. One old gentleman whose excessive corpulence rendered retreat on his part impossible, made a virtue of necessity, and, seating himself in his doorway, with his loaded King's arm, upbraided his more nimble neighbors, advising them to do as he did, and "stop and shoot the devils." Many ludicrous instances of the intensity of the terror might be related. One man got his family into a boat, to go to Ram Island for safety. He imagined he was pursued by the enemy through the dusk of the evening, and was annoyed by the crying of an infant in the after part of the boat. "Do throw that squalling brat overboard," he called to his wife, "or we shall be all discovered and killed." A poor woman ran four or five miles up the river, and stopped to take breath and nurse her child, when she found to her great horror that she had brought off the cat instead of the baby!

All through that memorable night, the terror swept onward towards the north with a speed which seems almost miraculous, producing everywhere the same results. At midnight, a horseman clad only in shirt and breeches dashed by our grandfather's door, in Haverhill, twenty miles up the river. "Turn out! Get a musket, turn out!" he shouted; "the Regulars are landing on Plum Island!" "I'm glad of it," responded the old gentleman from his chamber window, "I wish they were all there, and obliged to stay there." When it is understood that Plum Island is little more than a naked sand ridge, the benevolence of this wish can be readily appreciated.

All the boats on the river were constantly employed for several hours in conveying across the terrified fugitives. Through the dead waste and middle of the night they fled over the border into New Hampshire. Some feared to take the frequented roads, and wandered over wooded hills and through swamps where the snows of the late winter had scarcely melted. They heard the tramp and outcry of those behind them, and fancied that the sounds were made by pursuing enemies. Fast as they fled, the terror, by some unaccountable means outstripped them. They found houses deserted, and streets strewn with household stuffs, abandoned in the hurry of escape. Towards morning, however, the tide partially turned. Grown men began to feel ashamed of their fears. The old Anglo-Saxon hardihood paused, and looked the terror in its face.—Single, or in small parties, armed with such weapons as they found at hand, among which, long poles, sharpened and charred at the end, were conspicuous, they began to retrace their steps. In the mean time, such of the good people of Ipswich as were unable or unwilling to leave their homes became convinced that the terrible rumor which had nearly depopulated their settlement was unfounded.

Among those who had there awaited the onslaught of the Regulars, was a young man from Exeter, New Hampshire. Becoming satisfied that the whole matter was a delusion, he mounted his horse and followed after the retreating multitude, undeceiving all whom he overtook. Late at night he reached Newburyport, greatly to the relief of its sleepless inhabitants, and hurried across the river, proclaiming as he rode, the welcome tidings. The sun rose upon haggard and jaded fugitives, worn with excitement and fatigue, slowly returning homeward, their satisfaction at the absence of danger somewhat moderated by an unpleasant consciousness of the ludicrous scenes of their premature night-flitting.

Any inference which might be drawn from the foregoing narrative derogatory to the character of the people of New England at that day, on the score of courage, would be essentially erroneous. It is true, they were not the men to court danger, or rashly throw away their lives for the mere glory of the sacrifice. They had always a prudent and wholesome regard to their own comfort and safety; they justly looked upon sound heads and limbs as better than broken ones; life was to them too serious and important, and their hard-gained property too valuable, to be lightly hazarded. They never attempted to cheat themselves by under-estimating the difficulty to be encountered, or shutting their eyes to its probable consequences. Cautious, wary, schooled in the subtle strategy of Indian warfare, where self-preservation is by no means a secondary object, they had little in common with the reckless enthusiasm of their French allies, or the stolid indifference of the fighting machines of the British regular army. When danger could no longer be avoided, they met it with firmness and iron endurance, but with a very vivid appreciation of its magnitude. Indeed, it must be admitted by all who are familiar with the history of our fathers, that the element of Fear held an important place among their characteristics. It exaggerated all the dangers of their earthly pilgrimage, and peopled the future with shapes of evil. Their fear of Satan invested him with some of the attributes of Omnipotence, and almost reached the point of reverence. The slightest shock of an earthquake filled all hearts with terror. Stout men trembled by their hearths with dread of some paralytic old woman, supposed to be a witch. And when they believed themselves called upon to grapple with these terrors, and endure their inflictions, they brought to the trial a capability of suffering undiminished by the chloroform of modern philosophy. They were heroic in endurance. Panics like the one we have described might bow and sway them like reeds in the wind, but they stood up like the oaks of their own forests beneath the thunder and the hail of actual calamity.

It was certainly lucky for the good people of Essex county that no wicked wag of a tory undertook to immortalise in rhyme their ridiculous Hegira, as Judge Hopkinson did the famous "Battle of the Kegs," in Philadelphia. Like the more recent Madawaska War in Maine, the great Chepatchet demonstration in Rhode Island, and the 'Sauk fuss' of Wisconsin, it remains to this day 'unsyllabled, unsung;' and the fast fading memory of age alone preserves the unwritten history of the Great Ipswich Fright.

AGRICULTURAL.

Making and preserving Butter.

THE following article was communicated to the Farmers Monthly Visitor, by one one of the sisters of the United Society of Shakers at Canterbury, N. H. The excellent economy of this Society gives an importance to their recommendations:—

"The pans or other vessels in which the milk is to be set, should be made perfectly sweet by scalding, previous to putting the milk into them. A room in a basement story, where the air will circulate freely, is preferable to a cellar for setting milk; forty-eight hours is a sufficient length of time to raise cream for making butter to keep through the winter season.

"After this cream is taken off, the milk may stand the same length of time, but the cream that rises after the first forty-eight hours, will not make butter so palateable as the first that rises, and should be churned separate.

"As soon as the cream is taken from the milk, it should be put into a tin pail, and set into a kettle of scalding water, taking care to stir the cream after, otherwise it will turn oily at the top. It should remain in the kettle till the cream is scalding hot, being careful to place it in a tub of cold water immediately. Stir it often until it is nearly or quite cold: if it remains long after hot, it will be injured much. It will be necessary to change the water once or twice before the cream can be perfectly cold. It may then be kept three or four days without injury. After churning, the buttermilk should be partially worked out; then add one and one-half ounce of salt to one pound of butter.

"It may then be covered tight and stand till the following day; then work it over again, taking every care to work out all particles of buttermilk, which will prevent the butter from growing rancid by age. It may then be formed into cakes, or packed solid in a cask, which should be perfectly sweet and well dried.

"The inside should be sprinkled with a little fine salt. After the cask is filled, dip a cloth in melted butter, and spread it snugly over the top—cover it with fine salt, and fasten up the cask sufficiently tight to keep out the air; it should then be set in a cool place, to remain through the winter.

"A cask made of red oak staves is preferable to any other, for preserving the original sweetness of butter. It will add to the flavor of butter to work in a little sugar at the last working over—say a tablespoonful to every four or five pounds of butter."

BUFFALO, June 20, 1849.

BOTTLING GOOSEBERRIES, CURRANTS, &C., FOR WINTER USE.—The season being unpropitious for a general use of our garden fruits, the question is often asked: "What shall we do with our fine gooseberries and currants?"

In answer I would say, do as we do: bottle them for winter use. Those persons who know not the luxury of gooseberries or a currant pie, tart or pudding at christmas, (and indeed we have them in March) have yet to learn a valuable lesson in domestic economy.

The process in this wise:—Select the fruit sound and before it is too ripe, yet, not before the stoning process is over. The best mode of taking them from the bush, is by cutting the stem with a pair of scissors, as this avoids the tearing and breaking the skin, which must be guarded against; all imperfect berries should be cut out. Having caught your fruit, procure open mouthed glass bottles or jars, with suitable fitting corks fully prepared, fill the bottles with fruit, neatly arranged and dry, having collected them during the middle of a warm and dry day, place the bottles up to the neck in a pot of lukewarm water upon the stove, where, let it be gradually brought to the boiling point, the fruit, during this process, will be steaming. Having some pure soft water on the scalding point, the bottles will now be filled with it and immediately corked and hermetically sealed, by dipping in sealing wax or melted rosin. Should any of the fruit have burst in applying the hot water, they must be taken out. The bottle should be packed in sand, laying them on their sides, and put away in a cool cellar, ready for use. Fruit thus bottled will keep and preserve all the original flavor, nearly or quite the year around.—*Wool Grower.*

Harvesting Machines.

The *Prairie Farmer* states, that without the use of machinery in gathering the grain in that section, the harvests of the two past years would have gone to some extent ungathered. It adds that the use of those machines will be much increased the present season, and offers the following estimate: "McCormick's Reaper has been now sold in the West for three seasons extensively, and somewhat before that. The sales amount, say to the following figures: For the year 1847 to 800, the year 1848 to 800 and 1849 to 1,500—equal to 2,900 in all. Other reapers of various patterns have been put in use, say to the number of 100. Of Esterly's Harvester the whole number in use this harvest, may reach 180. Each Reaper will save as claimed, with the horse attached to it, the labor of four and a-half men. Each Harvester, it is claimed, with the horses employed, will save the labor of twenty men. Our 2,900 Reapers will then stand in the place of 13,050 men; and our 180 Harvesters will displace 3,600 in addition, or 16,650 laborers. In his estimate we count the day's work of the Reaper at 11 acres, and of a Harvester of 16 acres, each being run with four horses—the latter attended by four men.